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Things About Missouri.

Missouri is 328 miles in extreme length from north to south.

In 1862 LaBelle named the Missouri river St. Philip.

There is estimated to be, at present prices, 400 billion dollars worth of unmined coal in Missouri.

1817 Captain John Nelson was the first man who ever attempted the navigation of the Missouri river.

There are more magazines and other periodicals circulated in proportion to population in Missouri than in Massachusetts and more books used in the public library in Kansas City than in Boston.

The French descended the Missouri river to the mouth of the Kansas river in 1705.

It contains 69,415 square miles.

The largest corn farmer in the world is in Missouri.—The Farmer and Breeder.

One Button Was in Use.

A school principal was try to make clear to his class the fundamental doctrines of the Declaration of Independence.

"Now, boys," he said, "I will give you each three ordinary buttons. Here they are. You must think of the first one as representing Life, of the second one as representing Liberty, and the third one as representing the Pursuit of Happiness. Next Sunday I will ask you each to produce the three buttons and tell me what they represent."

The following Sunday the teacher said to the youngest member, "Now, Johnny, produce your three buttons and tell me what they stand for."

"I ain't got 'em all," he sobbed

holding out two of the buttons. 'Here's Life an' here's Liberty, but mommer sewed the Pursuit of Happiness on my pants!' Judge's Library.

Three Towns.

At Paris (Mo.) the city pays half the bill for every property owner who puts down a sidewalk. New London can hardly do that much, yet she builds approaches from the street to the sidewalk for every property owner who puts down a granitoid walk.—Ralls County Record.

The citizens of Monroe City for the past three years have built more miles of cement walk than any other town and paid for it without a murmur. The city builds the cement street crossings and makes no noise about it. Eight crossings have already been put in this season.

"Why are all those people flocking down to Hiram Hardapple's barn?" asked the old farmer on the hay wagon. "Hi's got a curiosity down thar," chuckled the village constable. "The other night Hi's old Jersey cow had the colic and Hi went down to give her a dose of cow medicine. Blamed if he didn't make a mistake and give her a pint of gasoline. Now instead of going 'Moo, moo' like any other sensible cow, she goes 'Honk, honk' like one of them blamed automobiles."

W. Verdner Carson, knight-of-the-grip out of New York is at home for a two weeks vacation.

Frank Bryan and family have gone to Kansas City where Mr. Bryan will engage in the railroad business.

COMING TO A DECISION

"I can't give you any answer to-day, Charlie."

"You've been saying that for three months."

"And I suppose I'll continue to say it till I make up my mind to—"

"Be married?"

"Oh, no; I've decided upon that."

"You mean you haven't decided on the man you will marry?"

To this the only reply was a far away, dreamy look.

"How many of us are there?"

"How disagreeable of you! You seem to intimate that there are a large number, whereas there are only two."

"That simplifies it immensely. I infer from your putting me off rather than refusing me that I'm one of the two. Now, how would it do to decide between the two by tossing a coin?"

Again that far-away look, then: "Suppose you lose?"

"I shall have to bear my disappointment like a man."

A dissatisfied look passed over her face. She was silent.

"What's troubling you?"

"I was thinking of my own disappointment in case the coin fell the wrong way."

"But I thought there was no wrong way for you."

No reply.

"Does the other fellow possess an advantage that has nothing to do with love?"

"No."

"Then, if you can be happy with either of us and can't decide between us, why should you not be satisfied with the decision of a toss?"

"Why, because how stupid of you—the coin might decide the wrong way."

It was his turn to pause. He was of a scientific turn of mind and had a fancy for paradoxes, but there was one that baffled him.

"I have it," he said, finally. "We'll toss the coin, and if it falls the wrong way you are to have the privilege of deciding the right way."

She neither assented nor dissented, and taking a quarter from his pocket he said: "I choose this eminently respectable head with a serious face, a wreath and the motto: 'In God We Trust.' I am perfectly willing to trust in God."

"You said that just as if you had no confidence whatever in me."

"You, not being able to choose between two lovers, are not to be relied on by either. I have chosen heads, there remains for my rival the spread eagle with an olive branch in one claw and a bundle of arrows in the other, by which he means: 'If you marry me I'll love you; if you don't I'll shoot you.' There's a ribbon in his mouth which means: 'You shall always be dressed up mighty fine,' or, in other words: 'I'll give you everything you want.'"

"That's just what makes me hesitate. You coolly arrogate everything to yourself. You choose the head and the motto: 'In God We Trust,' leaving for the other—a spread eagle, as you call it, with your own interpretation of the emblems."

"I'm going to put an end to your hesitation. Up she goes!"

He flipped the coin, and as it came down he put his hand over it.

"Before you know who has won," he said, "I want to know if you intend to abide by the decision?"

"I suppose so—that is—"

She got no further. He tried in vain to get a more definite reply. At last he took away his hand and showed the coin—tails up.

"He has won," he said coolly, putting the piece in his pocket. "Permit me to congratulate you."

"On what?"

Her eyes wandered all over the room, lighting nowhere.

"Tell me plainly," he said, "without beating around the bush, are you satisfied or dissatisfied with the result of the toss?"

"I might not be satisfied if—that is—"

She paused and looked out of the window. On her fair young brow were the gentle corrugations of perplexity.

"Well?"

"You seem to be satisfied."

"If? What has that to do with it?"

"If you had shown even a tiny bit of dissatisfaction—"

"You would have been satisfied?"

"You're always misinterpreting what I say. I didn't mean that at all."

"Come; we're making no headway. It was agreed that if the coin fell the wrong way you were to have the privilege of deciding the right way."

"But I told you at first, I can't decide, at least not just now."

"Then I suppose we have spent all this time for nothing. I'm worn out with trying to bring you to a decision. I'm going away for a long while—a year, two years, five if necessary—to overcome this infatuation for a girl who doesn't know whether she wants me or doesn't want me or—"

"There's one chance for a decision," she interrupted, "that you haven't thought of."

"What's that?"

"You might toss again."

He sent the coin spinning in the air, and without waiting for it to come down took her in his arms.

The next morning her little brother was munching candy. When asked where he got the money to buy it with he said he had found a quarter under the piano.

How it Works.

Married in white,
You're in for a fight;
Married in gray,
She'll grab your pay;
Married in red,
You'll have a bald head;
Married in green,
In your mirror 'tis seen;
Married in blue,
It's tough luck for you;
Married in pearl,
You get the wrong girl;
Married in yellow,
She'll make you bellow;
Married in brown,
One more chump in town;
Married in pink,
Joy for you—I don't think.

—Ex.

One Thousand.

The grand opening of the C. A. Hamilton furniture and undertaking house, Saturday, was by far a greater success than he anticipated. One thousand ladies visited the store and what Mr. Hamilton thought would be an ample stock of souvenirs, gave out before the middle of the afternoon.

When you get a grouch, and imagine your home paper doesn't treat you right, just stop and think whether the paper doesn't treat you fully as well as you treat the paper. Don't expect the editor to throw bouquets all the time when you occasionally take a shot at him with a brick.—Marthasville Record.

Charles Rubison, wife and two children, of Douglas, Arizona and Frank Jameson and wife, of Shelbyville have been the welcome guests of their relatives, Joseph Jameson and family.

Samuel McColloch was called to Milan, Monday by the serious illness of his sister, Mrs. L. L. Smith.

Gee, but there is a good time out at H. I. Lear's. He has put up a nice swing and invited all the girls in the neighborhood in the swing with him.

John B. Maddox and wife spent Sunday with their relatives in Hydesburg.

L. O. Reuser and wife, of Quincy arrived Saturday to visit their relatives, Charles Lasley and wife.

Miss Frankie Lu Elliott went to Shelbyville Monday for a two week's visit.

Mrs. Harriet (grandma) Mudd, of Indian Creek, is visiting her son, Hugh B. Mudd and other Monroe relatives.

William Raffensperger, wife and three children, of Troy, Mo., arrived Monday to visit Jacob Rohr and family.

Mrs. Luke Russell and little daughter of Cleveland, Ohio, arrived Monday to visit J. B. Anderson and family.

Mrs. Samuel Snyder was called to Hydesburg, Saturday by the illness of her mother.

Dr. J. B. Corley, of Indian Creek was with friends in this city Friday afternoon.

Miss Bessie Murry has gone to Kansas City to visit a brother.

Thomas J. Proctor, of Chicago was with the homefolks Saturday.

Getting Information Out of Pa.

My pa, he didn't go down-town
Last evening after tea,
But got a book and settled down.
As comfy as could be.
I'll tell you I was offul glad
To have my pa about
To answer all the things I had
Been tryin' to find out.

And so I asked him why the world
Is round instead of square,
And why the piggies' tails are
curled,
And why don't fish breathe air,
And why the moon don't hit a star
And why the dark is black.
And just how many birds there are,
And will the wind come back.

And why the water stays in wells,
And why do June bugs hum,
And what's the roar I hear in
shells,
And when will Christmas come.
And why the grass is always green
Instead of sometimes blue,
And why a bean will grow a bean
And not an apple too.

And why a horse can't learn to
moo,
And why a cow can't neigh.

And do the fairies live on dew,
And what makes the hay grow
gray,

And then my pa he looked at me,
"You wear me out," he said!
I hadn't done a thing but he
Just sent me off to bed.

—Council Bluffs Nonpareil.

Doctors Meet and Banquet.

The Monroe County Medical Association held a pleasant and very practical meeting in the parlors of the Glenn Hotel at Paris, Tuesday. Besides Paris physicians, the following attended: Drs. Chowning and Tutt, Hannibal; Hull and McNutt, Monroe City; Bell, Stoutsville; Brown, Florida; Furnish, Granville; Noland, Holliday; Leasley and Carver, Madison; Cassidy, Tulip; Cooper Rowena; Baker, Santa Fe.

A banquet was served by Landlord Overfelt at 8 o'clock. Paris editors and dentists and Dr. Thos. Nugent were guests. The menu included fried chicken, boiled ham, salad, new tomatoes, peas and potatoes, strawberries, ice cream and cake. It was nicely prepared and nicely served.

The meeting was an enjoyable affair. It not only enabled members of the profession to profit by an exchange of ideas and experience but gave them what is denied to physicians more than to any other profession—a chance to meet in social intercourse and get better acquainted. A finer body of men never met in Paris.

The Appeal man enjoyed it immensely. But, after absorbing so much of the supper and so much of the surgical matters under discussion his sleep that night was disturbed by visions of festal boards laden with tumors, gallstones, cancers, boils, appendices, and other appetizing things those doctors discussed. He dreamed that they were served in puddings, fricasees, stews and fries and washed down by those glasses of beer impregnated with two-ounce flavorings of castor oil to which Dr. Hull had referred in such flattering terms.

Papers read by Drs. Cooper, Cassidy, Chowning, Furnish and Hull were freely discussed by members of the Association.—Appeal.

Misses Cora Carrico, of Denver, Colo., and Lucy Carrico, of De Soto, Kan., arrived Thursday to spend several weeks with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Carrico. Both ladies are trained nurses.

W. R. Poage and wife, of Hydro, Okla., and daughter, Mrs. M. Remington, Vernon, Utah arrived Thursday morning to visit their son and brother, Edward Poage and family.